

Malls and Saiyajins

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Vegeta and Goku go to the mall and Goku gets a cell phone..... poor Veggie.

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1 - Malls and Saiyajins

Malls and Saiyajins

Goku happily bounced into the Briefs house, almost diving on Vegeta with joy. Vegeta was lucky he missed the hyper active saiyajin warrior as he broke the recliner with an elbow smash. Goku blinked in shock at what he'd done and scratched his head nervously. Vegeta stared for a moment at Goku as he had his leather jacket half way on.

"Kakorott?" came Vegeta's voice, disturbingly and unnaturally calm.

"Yes?" asked Goku, fear rising at Vegeta's demeanor.

"Want to go to the mall?" asked Vegeta.

"..." Goku would have fallen over, if not for already being on the ground.

"Well?" asked Vegeta.

".....!!!!!" Goku's eyes got a little wider and his lips began to slowly curl up into a grin.

"I don't have all day Kakorott! Now I have to add a stupid chair to my shopping list." said Vegeta angrily.

"Why the mall?" asked Goku, jumping up and dusting himself.

"I had some issues earlier and I just have to go. NOW are you coming?" asked Vegeta, changing mid-sentence.

"Did you blow stuff up today?" asked Goku, Vegeta was silent as they walked out the door. "And I take it you just got off 'Couch' probation from last week fiasco with the fire hydrant?"

"That thing came out of no where, they shouldn't put those damn things on the corner!" yelled Vegeta.

"Technically, your not supposed to drive on the sidewalk with a limo." said Goku.

"....."

"....."

"....."

"....."

"....."

“SAY SOMETHING!” yelled Vegeta in annoyance.

“Flying or driving?” asked Goku, opting for the first.

“I have to get a damn chair, so where taking th car.” said Vegeta.

“You can pay extra and have them deliver it tomorrow never mind.” said Goku, recapping their conversation.

Within fifteen minutes the two arrived at the mall and where forced to find a parking space. Vegeta was almost fuming at the fact that there was no spaces available. A familiar voice could be heard outside Goku's window as they waited for a car to move. The two turned to see Yamcha's cheery face.

“Hey Guys!” said Yamcha.

“Hey!” said Goku happily, and a grunt came from Vegeta.

“You guys looking for a parking space?” asked Yamcha, “I'm leaving right now, so I figured you could hurry up and grab it before someone else did.”

“That's great! Thanks Yamcha.” said Goku, grinning happily.

“No problem!” said Yamcha giving the two a peace sign and heading to his car.

At last the got a parking space and they headed in the mall. Upon entering they where greeted by hundreds of people. It was a 50% off sale in half the mall, and it was almost suicidal to go into the crowd. BUT, Vegeta was a man on a mission and he would complete it, even if it meant giving up his personal space. Ironically if he didn't do it, he would be left alone in his personal space, with only the couch as company. . . and Goku.

“Where to first V?” asked Goku.

“What did you call me?” asked Vegeta, turning to Goku.

“V.... why?” asked Goku.

“DON'T call me that.” said Vegeta.

“Can I call you Veggie?”

“No.”

“Veggie-chan.”

“Hell no.”

“V-chan?”

“Never.”

“Geta?”

“No.”

“Geta-kins?”

“What the hell?”

“I just made that up. . . I ran out of names. . . wait! How about Vegetable or Veggie Head.”

“Kakorott, you have a death wish don't you?”

“No, just a severe boredom and amusement at making up nicknames.” said Goku, with a grin.

“..... Okay.” said Vegeta, heading inside a pottery store.”

“You broke a case?” asked Goku, as Vegeta looked at a gold and blue one with white mist swirls on it.”

“How many do you have of these?” he asked the sales lady.

“Around 50 in back.” said the girl.

“I'll take them all.” said Vegeta, writing down the address on a form.

“How many did you break?” asked Goku in shock.

“Some are for future incidents.” said Vegeta as the looked at china now.

“You broke the china?” asked Goku.

“No, Trunks did. Him and your brat made their own robot and it went crazy and broke down a wall.... which one of the robots is fixing.” said Vegeta.

“..... they make robots?” asked Goku.

“Chemicals, robots, explosions, name it.... the brats probably have, are, or will make it.” said Vegeta angrily.

“I'm glade they spend more time at your house.” said Goku.

“I'm buying them a chemistry set and sending them into YOUR kitchen to work on it.” said Vegeta.

They entered the next shop, which amused Goku. They had gone into a tech store. Goku, scratched his

head. He was about to ask Vegeta why on earth they would be in there, when he saw something beautiful. It sat there on a shelf, it was an amazing color orange that matched his normal gi. It had deep chrome base, almost black. Then on the top was a lenses that looked like a dragon ball with the reflection of the orange and four silver stars in it. He held up the magnificent, yet small, beauty and marveled at it. He opened it and the inside, ironically had a dragon on it with green colored buttons. He hit what must have turned it on, and oddly enough it had a Z with a circle around it on the screen.

“VEGETA!!!” yelled Goku.

“What!” yelled Vegeta, annoyed by his 'friends' outburst.

“Can I get it!?” asked Goku, pleadingly.

“No!” said Vegeta.

“But you said I could get something.” said Goku, in a hopeful tone.

“What... when?” asked Vegeta.

“At the house.” said Goku, eyes shifting nervously.

“I don't recall.” said Vegeta, looking back to the counter and talking about a phone plan for his cell.

“PLEASE!!!! please, please, please, please, please! Vegeta!” said Goku, on his knees.

“Kakorott, your making a scene! GET UP!” yelled Vegeta, yanking him off the floor.

“Please!”

“Fine! But your paying your own bills.” said Vegeta, snatching it from him.

A half an hour later they left the ship, and Goku was ecstatic. The Z stood for the company and stayed on Goku's new phone, residing as a green background with the Z and circle in yellow. Vegeta had instructed him to only call someone after 7 pm and not after 4 am.

“You have unlimited texting for a year.” said Vegeta as they walked to the furniture store.

“Texting??” asked Goku, snapping up.

“Yes, texting,” said Vegeta as they walked in the store.

“What's that?” asked Goku.

“I am going to show you, then NEVER bother me about it again.” said Vegeta, snatching the phone.

Vegeta put his number in to show Goku how it worked. He took out his and send a message from

Goku's to his and then replied. Goku seemed amused and happily looked at his new phone. As they walked along, Goku seemed bored and decided to text Vegeta. He had asked some others, mainly teens, on how to text as they walked, not wanting to annoy the generous Vegeta for giving him his new 'toy.'

Doodoott

Vegeta opened his phone calmly.

'V. im. brd! r we going 2 take much longer?' was what it read (Translate:: V, I'm bored. Are we going to much longer)

"Yes." said Vegeta, ignoring the text.

Doodoott

GOKU::: 'V, cn we gt fd?' (((V, can we get food?)))

"Not now." said Vegeta as they entered the next store.

An hour passed and they where headed into the parking lot. Goku sent another text happily. Vegeta twitched, and spun around towards Goku. He floated a bit to be above Goku and wielded his index finger as if to silence anything he said.

"STOP TEXTING ME!!!!!!!!!!!" yelled Vegeta.

"Then who do I text?" asked Goku.

"HERE!" yelled Vegeta, throwing his phone at him with the address book open.

"How do you have 17 cell phone?" asked Goku in disbelief.

"EVERYONE's on there, enjoy! Never, give anyone else my number, got it." said Vegeta.

"Piccolo, Mr. Popo, and DENDE all have phones!?" asked Goku in shock.

"...."

"When did Gohan get a phone?" asked Goku, adding everyone to his list.

"You are NEVER going shopping with me again." said Vegeta as they got in the car.

END

Info:: Yeah, similar situation happened to me. . . my friend had a party.. things got broken and we went to the mall to get stuff and I am convinced cell phones are evil. . . yet I love mind (Hugs it!)